UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

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SUNSHINE

Put a bit of sunshine in the day;
Others need its cheer and so do you—
Need it most when outer sky's dull gray
Leaves the sunshine-making yours to do.

Give the day a streak of rosy dawn:
Give it, too, a touch of highest noon;
Make the ones about you wonder why
Sunset crimson should appear "so soon."

Sunshine-making is a blessed task;
Cheery hearts, like lovely mild, blue sky,
Banish weary gloom and give fresh hope,
Check the rising tear or thoughtless sigh.

Put the golden sunshine in each day;
Others need the cheer that comes through you—
Need it most when outer sky's dull gray
Leaves the sunshine-making yours to do.

—*Juniata Stafford.*

"Educational opportunities of Chicago" is the title of a monthly bulletin, issued regularly by the, "Council for Library and Museum Extension," of which Mr. N. H. Carpenter, of the Art Institute, is President and Mr. Axel G. S. Josephson, of the Crerar Library, Secretary. This bulletin sets forth the lecture, musical, club and other cultural activities available in the leading institutions of the city. This is a movement in the direction of the higher combines. Here is a trust that cannot be perverted to the injury of the community.

"Dogbury at the Seat of Custom" is the title of a searching, we might say scathing leader in a recent number of the *Dial,* exposing the absurdity of the present tariff laws concerning books and other products of the human brain. It speaks of the "signal triumph of the bureaucratic officialism" when it succeeded in evading the law that granted the free access of books printed wholly in foreign languages if perchance such books contained "quotations from English authors or even titles of English books printed in the vernacular." The article contains a just tribute to Mr. George Haven Putnam, who has so skillfully led the fight for many years for "decency in our treatment of English authors and publishers," and whose logic is of the unassailable sort that must ultimately prevail.

We learn from the *Dial* that "Tom Sawyer" has recently been translated into Hebrew. This journal says no one can tell with any certainty into how many tongues "Tom Sawyer" has been translated, but that it will appear in Arabic, Chinese and Hindustani versions would be not unsafe to wager.

The next session of the International Peace Congress was booked to he held in Rome next May, but the Central Committee at Berne is being flooded with objections from all parts of the country. It would be as uncomfortable for the guests as it would be awkward for the hosts to talk peace in Rome while Italy has so signally violated the fundamental principles that called the Congress into being. Possibly the meeting will go by default next year. If so, silence will be more eloquent than words, for it will prove that the time to talk has passed, the time of doing has come. Peace must be enacted into the laws of nations, the international regulations of civilization.

The *Craftsman* for November has an interesting article entitled "Consider the birds of the air." It tells an interesting story of a park reservation established at Pomfret, Conn., where seven hundred acres, by the co-operation of fourteen land owners, have been set apart as a "sanctuary for birds." Here they may breed in safety and every kind of bird can find a building-site to its liking. They are carefully guarded from their enemies and, when necessary, furnished with food. It is hoped that these sanctuaries may be multiplied. We read in this article that nesting-boxes in the orchard are more efficacious than spraying to destroy the pests that infect the apple trees. This article pays its respect to that "thoughtless, heartless tyrant, Dame Fashion," who desecrates the sanctities of life for the sake of a "love of a hat." Is the writer correct when he says, "Woman ornaments herself with feathers because she does not realize"? Is it true that when these facts "are brought to her knowledge she will refuse to wear ornaments bought at such a cost?"

Pending the action of the Senate on the arbitration treaties now before that body, the American Association for International Conciliation, 501 West 116th St., New York, have issued in convenient pamphlet form the text of the Taft treaties, including the majority and minority reports of the Senate committee, with the supplemental views of Senator Burton and other comments, making in all a pamphlet of forty pages that ought to be of great timely interest. In view of the great prophetic character of the pending matter, all other problems pressing for consideration at the

hands of the present Congress become insignificant. No matter what other good things it may do or bad things it may leave undone, for this Congress to deter or unnecessarily postpone the ratification of these treaties would be to make itself infamous. This pamphlet, which doubtless can be obtained free of cost on application at the New York office, should be made the object of study on the part of every preacher in America. A certain lady of wealth in New York City recently asked fifty thousand ministers in the United States to make the treaties and the peace problem connected therewith a subject for a Sunday sermon. Thirty thousand by return postal card expressed their readiness to comply with the request. If the United States Senate is not wholly obtuse to the rising will of the people and blind to the signs of the times, it will hasten to ratify this treaty. What a timely Christmas gift such a treaty would be to our disturbed civilization!

The St. Joseph, Missouri, Public Library has issued a reading list under the title of "Scout Craft," containing one hundred and twelve titles of books more or less helpful to the Boy Scout movement. The subtitles make a stimulating list, representing as they do much outdoor study and attractive science, but the word "scout" carries with it a fell inspiration. It will be hard to clear that word from the military implications of raiding and charging, of shooting, of capturing, of the ambush, and the seige. Can we not give our boys a sweeter name and their enthusiasm a more pacific direction?

The *Zion's Herald* of Boston is not given to handing many bouquets to UNITY or its editor. In the past it has stood for a theology too lurid for UNITY, and the best we could do seemed tame and insipid to the vigorous theologians on the staff of this militant Methodist sheet. For this reason, if for no other, we are glad to reproduce these complimentary words from our contemporary concerning the little temperance word by the editor of UNITY entitled "On the Firing Line in the Battle for Sobriety." Here it is:

> Three addresses and four letters make up a wonderful little book entitled "On the Firing Line in the Battle for Sobriety," one of the best and strongest temperance presentations we have seen for many a day. It is moderate in tone, yet uncompromising in its positions and exceedingly convincing in its reasoning. Moderate and kindly in manner, yet it is forced to say: "All authorities agree that the American saloon is the nastiest public institution on earth; it stands apart, unique in its coarseness, its filth, its vulgarity and its damnable alliances." The addresses describe "A Night in a Saloon," "Two Neighbors," and "The Flanking Column." They have all the interest of well-written stories, all the cogency of unassailable arguments. The letters are to the saloonkeepers of Chicago, to the workingmen of Chicago, to women, and to an advocate of beer as a temperance drink. The volume should have a very wide circulation. That it may have, the President of the Unitarian Temperance Society, Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Crooker, 25 Beacon St., Boston, will send it on application and the receipt of five cents for postage, to all librarians, preachers, teachers, and Sunday-school superintendents who will agree to keep it in use among their friends. It is in every way worthy of such use, and must do much good.

Dr. W. A. Evans put the readers of the *Chicago Tribune* under an added load of obligation by his recent contribution in his department entitled "How to Keep Well." It was a happy diversion for Sunday reading that devoted a column to the "Gary School Plans," of which much more is to be known in the future. Gary is one of the "dream" cities that promises to work. Of its industrial scheme to become a great steel-making center, much has been written and much is expected in this direction, but Superintendent Wirt of the Public Schools, is venturing on lines more radical and more promising than anything projected in the rolling-mill line. Here is a scheme that runs the Public School from 9 a. m. until 9 p. m., from Monday morning until Saturday night, and every month in the year, and a management that will, as Dr. Evans predicts, "cause the children to climb a fence to get to school." Here the grown people are to go as well as the children, and all of this is to be realized without an essential increase in the per capita cost of education. The smallest school-ground in Gary covers five acres of ground and the largest twelve acres, and these grounds are equipped with machine shops, modeling rooms, printing presses, gymnasiums, libraries, reading rooms, swimming pools, equipped play-grounds and of course, school rooms. The study periods, technically speaking, are short, a total of three hours a day, but they are so punctuated with work and play that intensive work is expected. Here the children are allowed to stay throughout the entire time that it is fitting for them to be away from the home fireside, and when the little ones are claimed by the "sandman," then the elders are welcome to these school grounds for recreation, sociability and study, and it is expected that a large number will avail themselves of all these opportunities. This plan, as outlined by Dr. Evans, is not at all a "crazy" one, neither is it one dependent upon exceptional conditions. It may need a Gary with plenty of money and commanding creative brain to inaugurate such a plan, but once the demonstration is made it can be copied, with the necessary variations, all the way from the "little red schoolhouse on the hill," up through the village to the city schools. At the base of this plan lies what Attorney Brandeis would call "scientific management." It means co-ordination of interests, economical use of money by combinations and not by competitions. When the park interests, the art galleries, the music halls and the public libraries make common cause with the public schools, and

they are all under one management and are sustained by one fund, backed by the common interests of the community, how many leakages would be stopped, how many "bosses" would be dethroned, and how many other co-ordinations and combinations would follow, such as a fusion of church interests, a minimizing of the "schisms" and a maximizing of the unities and the things held in common! All this is coming sure, and coming sooner than perhaps the most hopeful of us dare expect. It is apparently already in Gary, Indiana. Should it miscarry in Gary it will be the fault of Gary, not of the plan. Of this city, Dr. Evans says, "As a bit of municipal planning it is a monumental monstrosity," but he adds: "The best possible wish that we could make is that the Gary schools could be like the measles,—catching, and that all the schools of America could catch the essence," and may we not add a wish that the whole Gary scheme could catch the idea of planning from the Gary School system?

The Transformation of a Scotch Church

Away back in 1879, there was a secession from the established Presbyterian church at Dundee, Scotland, led by Rev. David McCrea. This "new movement," eight years later (1887) called back one born and bred in the town, a young man who had had a ministerial career in England for twenty years, to minister to them. Walter Walsh is a man whose power has been felt on both sides of the Atlantic. About two years ago he was heard in Chicago and elsewhere as a representative of the peace movement. This minister, feeling the inspiration of the twentieth century, chafed under the remnants of Presbyterian dogma and the so-called "Christian traditions" embodied in their otherwise broad constitution. Recently he fearlessly placed his problem before his people and, to his great joy, they responded to his appeal and the old movement took on the new name of "The Church of Today," with a new declaration of principles, which offered no obstacles between them and the principle of universal religion. "The Guiding Principles" adopted by this rejuvenated church run as follows:

The church of today is an undogmatic and unsectarian society, which seeks to interpret life and its problems in the light of growing knowledge and expanding human need.

It encourages the evolution of free, spiritual, and universal religion, untrammelled by permanent ecclesiastical machinery, and unfettered by a final creed; and it desires fellowship with those of every faith who cherish like ideals.

It exists for the promotion of goodness and truth in the individual and in society; and to secure the extension into the social, industrial and political spheres of the same laws of righteousness and fraternity which religion demands in personal conduct.

It seeks to fulfil its purpose through the united worship of the Divine as increasingly made known in man's growing knowledge of the universe and his own aspiring moral nature; through the preaching and teaching of justice, brotherhood, humanity, mercy, love and peace, in their widest applications; and through such practical effort and propaganda as may from time to time seem good to its members.

It consists of such as aspire to the spirit of reverence, trust, justice and love within themselves; and who favor the application of that spirit to public affairs, to sociological conditions, to economic relationships, to things international, and to the different races and religions of the earth.

UNITY readers might have but little interest in this local movement in far-off Scotland, were it not for the fact that this action of the Dundee society is symptomatic of a movement that is world wide. How many other ministers on both sides of the Atlantic would be glad if they could say with this Scotch parson:

The obstacles to universal religion are now out of the way and we are free to walk in the path towards the universal church of humanity. It is certain that our age is pregnant with a re-birth of religion which, on the intellectual side, shall expiscate the elements common to all the historic faiths, bringing to light the universal.

We reach our hand out across the distance and clasp this brother's hand, feeling that however few the societies may be that are able to wear as free a harness as the Dundee "Church of Today," there are thousands of earnest listeners in all the churches and hundreds of earnest men in the pulpits, from the Catholic church to the Jewish synagogue and beyond, who yearn for the comradeship of universal religion, a brotherhood untrammeled by creeds or dogmas, resting alone in love and usefulness.

This comrade and brother writes us:

I am not anxious to increase the world's impedimenta. Nevertheless, relationships of one kind or another between the right-minded are inevitable. It cannot be forced, it will come by spiritual gravitation, by affinity and attraction. The world appears to be getting ready for some re-grouping of those who stand outside all the churches and those who, being inside the churches, yet desire to weave the bonds of future union with all other churches and faiths. Your "Parliament of Religions" was the true thing.

Thus, from far-off Dundee comes the reassuring note that recommits UNITY to the cause of a religious fellowship broader than any sect name or denominational creed. Such a fellowship is not a wild dream of something to be. It is a realized fact now in the realm of the spirit, and it will express itself more and more in terms of organization with the growth of science, the sympathies engendered by growing democracy and the aspirations of the religion of love.

The Unitarian Ministry: The Problem of Withdrawals Again

A little more than a year ago at this time, I printed in these columns a statistical study of the gains and losses in the ranks of the Unitarian ministry, as these were revealed by the figures published annually in the official Year-Book of the American Unitarian Association. Beginning with 1905, back of which no facts upon this question were published, I found these figures to be as follows:

GAINS.

Year	Graduates from our Divinity Schools	Received from other Churches	Total
1905	8	13	21
1906	13	12	25
1907	8	15	23
1908	4	11	15
1909	15	10	25
1910	5	16	21
	53	77	130

LOSSES.

Year	Death	Withdrawal	Total
1905	13	15	28
1906	13	15	28
1907	11	12	23
1908	4	2	6
1909	10	10	20
1910	11	36	47
	62	90	152

In commenting upon these figures, I pointed out that the Unitarians were losing ministers at the rate of twenty-five a year,—that "the loss by withdrawal (is) a full third larger than the loss by death,"—that "the number of graduates from our divinity schools is considerably less than the actual number of ministers who have died, which means that our professional birth-rate is lower than our death-rate,"—and that "the number of men entering the ministry from our divinity schools is only a little more than half as large as the number of men who have withdrawn from the ministry in order to enter some other walk of life." In other words, I said, "For every one man who enters the Unitarian Church from the divinity schools, nearly two men depart. It is evident that the recruits from other churches alone save us, and that the most serious problem now confronting us is that of the actual withdrawals from our ministry, which are larger in number than any other single item, either of gain or loss. The loss of ninety men, from this cause alone, in six years, or an average of fifteen a year, is very plainly a most disconcerting sign."

I am reminded of this study of a year ago by the appearance of the Unitarian Year-Book for 1911, with its figures for the year just closed. Using the same method of analysis as before employed, we find the following results:

GAINS.

Year	Graduates from our Divinity Schools	Received from other Churches	Total
1911	4	23	27

LOSSES.

Year	Deaths	Withdrawal	Total
1911	13	13	26

Here again are figures of a character fearfully disquieting to any one who has the interests of organized religion at heart. Once again is the number of men from our divinity schools pitifully small,—the smallest, in fact, for any year recorded in this list, except 1908, which gives us the same figure; and not only is this number of theological graduates "considerably less than the actual number of ministers who have died," but less to such an astonishing degree as to make the birth-rate of the year but a third of the death-rate, which is worse than anything known before, so far as these tables are concerned. The problem of withdrawal is similarly aggravated. In itself, the total of thirteen withdrawals is just a bit under the average for the last six years, and is to that infinitesimal extent encouraging. But as compared with the number of men who have entered the ministry from our own ranks—which is the important fact—the result is the worst yet recorded, with the single exception of 1910, when, as was carefully explained by Mr. Badger in a letter to this paper, the number of withdrawals was wholly abnormal, owing to the revision of the rules of the Fellowship Committee. From 1905 to 1910, as I pointed out above, the average ratio between "the number of men entering the ministry from our divinity schools" and "the number of men who have withdrawn from the ministry in order to enter some other walk of life," was as one to two; last year, however, this ratio dropped to one to three. Whereas, in previous years, that is, two men have departed from our ministry for every one who has entered, last year three men departed for the one who entered! Once again it is painfully "evident" that "the recruits from other churches alone save us." The number received last year,—twenty-three,—is the largest registered since 1905, and is the one fact which makes the record of last year anything but a record of disaster. Were it not for our ability to win converts from our Congregational, Episcopal, Universalist, Disciple, Baptist and Methodist brethren,—all of whom sent us recruits last year,—it is not hard to estimate where we should be in a very short time! Indeed, we have only to put these two tables together, and discover that in the last seven years we have lost one hundred and seventy-eight ministers by death and withdrawal, and have gained from our own educational institutions, during that same period, only *fifty-seven* "candidates for orders," to bring ourselves face to face with the grim reality.

Last year as a result of my analysis of the figures for 1905-1910, I affirmed that "the vital factor in the whole matter is that of withdrawal from our ministry." This statement is confirmed by the statistics of the year just passed. If we could keep our men already ordained, we could proceed without any necessity of filling the vacant places in our ranks by emptying the ranks of our brethren. But as it is, our own "men are leaving us in such large numbers that our gains from all sources are more than neutralized." In the light of this continuing

record of disaster, I repeat the questions which I ventured to address to the Unitarian constituency a year ago. "Would it not be advisable to place this matter (of withdrawals) in the hands of a competent committee, charged with the task of full investigation? Could not this committee get the names of all who have withdrawn, and find out through confidential inquiry their reasons therefore? Would not such reasons, honestly given, throw a clearer light upon the present condition of the ministry than any information which could be obtained from any other source?" We have already investigated the question, "Why don't men enter the ministry?" Why not investigate the equally pressing question, "Why don't they stay in, when they get in?"

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Church of the Messiah, New York City.

The Negro Question

Is there any final solution to the Negro question other than amalgamation? All of the facts of science and religion point that way. Our prejudices revolt against the idea; our pride and conceit spurn it. But Brotherhood is a reality,—while prejudice and pride and conceit are just appearances,—and Brotherhood spells amalgamation of all the races of man.

The "Federation of the World" is to be realized in the near future. Industrial development and the Brotherhood idea are forcing it. Now, men and women mix and mingle as never before. More and more they will mix and mingle. More and more they will come to understand and appreciate each other. Slowly we are opening our eyes to the fact, recognized and proclaimed by wise men throughout the centuries, that at bottom, humanity is one. The Socialists of France know that the Socialists of Germany are their brothers. There were men and women who knew that before Karl Marx was born, but they were few and scattered; now the knowledge is spreading beyond the Socialists to all classes of working people. Not only is there this intellectual recognition of brotherhood, but the common people of the different nations meet and associate. Frenchmen work in Germany; Germans work in France, and both come with their wives and families to America, where the children forget Alsace and Lorraine, and marry in obedience to the laws of human affinity. Zangwill has called America "The Melting Pot." So it is; so is Africa; so is the world. World peace, the absolute cessation of international war, is practically here. Once that is established, a considerable portion of the energy that is now wasted in preparation for war, will be turned to the development of new means of communication between the nations. We'll mix and mingle more than ever,—vastly more. The superficial notions, habits, peculiarities that race and national barriers have fostered, will disappear. The evolution of mankind is upward. Each race, each nationality will drop its provincialisms. The test of widespread usage will prove the value and secure the adoption of general customs and conventions. We'll travel no longer from idle curiosity to see the strange and queer, but to carry some benefit of service to our own; and we'll find "our own," living as we live, thinking as we think, aspiring as we aspire, and serving as we serve, in all lands, in all climes. As we cease to be provincial and become cosmopolitan, as we come to recognize that loyalty to family and state and nation are but cheap things unless they lead to the higher loyalty to man—

> "That love for one from which there does not spring
> Wide love for all is but a worthless thing,"

we shall ignore superficial things and look for essentials. We will marry in accordance with natural affinity, regardless of color of hair or skin.

But all this is of the future,—a very remote future, you may think,—and the Negro question is here, now. What is to be done now? I would encourage the immigration into the South of the southern Europeans and Asiatics who are free from our own race prejudice. Let those dark-skinned peoples associate with the blacks and mulattoes. Repeal all laws against miscegenation, and let the young folk mate according to Nature's laws. There will be no Negro question.

Horrible? Atrocious? Unthinkable?

Why, brother, why? Who are you that you should object so strenuously to a course that may bring the mingling of blood between some of your great grandchildren and the great grandchildren of your half-brother or half-sister? between some of the grandchildren of your own "legitimate" sons or daughters and the grandchildren of some of your "illegitimate" sons or daughters? Is there a white man in the South who will raise the cry against amalgamation, who is guiltless? What real value has this pride of race, pride of color? Heavens! man, don't you know that it is only a step back to ancestors of yours who were brutal savages? Doesn't common sense and all history teach that exclusiveness is folly? that aristocracy with its inbreeding is self-destructive? that only as we rise together,—black, red, yellow and white,—do we rise on any secure foundation? and that democracy—not the Democracy with a big "D," of which you are so proud, but democracy with a little "d," the ideal of the saints and saviors of the race, democracy which means brotherhood, is the end toward which all mankind is struggling?

Let us get away from our pride and our conceit and our prejudice. Let us take a long view, long enough to discover that we are brother to the red clay under our feet, from which our forbears sprang countless aeons ago. Let us get into our self-blinded souls a glimmering of the truth so loudly proclaimed in our churches,—the truth of brotherhood. And then let us freely and frankly forward the association and commingling of the races, the breaking down of provincial prejudices and narrowing conceit, to the end that brotherhood and good-will may be established and the prophet's dream be made real,—"God hath made of one blood all nations of men."

Pueblo, Colo. EDWIN G. BROWN.

The Universality of Democracy

Every good cause suffers as much from the bad arguments of its advocates and friends as from the weak and illogical reasoning of its opponents. The social reformer is by no means exempt from the faults and inconsistencies incident to our imperfect human nature. The ability to think clearly on one subject and the courage to espouse a difficult cause are not always accompanied with mental breadth or deep sympathies. Too often the merits of great leaders are those of the special pleader, who may be useful, even highly efficient, but whose spirit is essentially partisan and who has little moral perspective.

Woman Suffrage presents no exception to the rule. Its advocates often employ as bad arguments in its support as any that are offered against it from press or platform. An example is found in some recent utterances of an able leader in this field: "Let the Negro alone. It will offend the South. All colored men are opposed to woman suffrage." These words have the commander's imperative ring. One wonders who could have touched on this theme on a suffrage platform in more challenging terms, but let that point pass.

"Do not touch the Labor question. It will offend our capitalist friends." The same kind of warning might be spoken against affiliation with the temperance cause, the tariff or Singletax, since in every case we run the risk of offending someone.

There are times and places, we will agree, when a particular subject has the right of way and the platform must be yielded to the occasion and the main issue. A temperance gathering cannot spare time for a discussion of the tariff or a Singletax conference for an argument on temperance or suffrage; but that would not be a very enlightening discussion of any of these issues which eliminated comparison or ignored the vital relation of each to each. Every social question of the hour is but a phase of one and the same subject—our growing democracy. The suffrage, the labor and the race or color questions reveal a like situation among different groups suffering the same kind of social injustice, choosing different methods of relief. The analogies between the woman and the color problems in this country are particularly strong and striking and show how human and generic is the special issue of each.

Moreover, our politic concern for what shall and shall not be said on a particular platform is politic and not philosophic or even rational. Our reform conventions suffer from a narrow and ex parte treatment of a single issue. A philosophic temper as well as a warm all-around humanity is conspicuously absent at times. Social progress is not to be measured in terms of a single propaganda or creed.

Woman suffrage is but one line of march towards the goal of true democracy, yet the proportion of sincere intelligent democrats in the suffrage ranks is not large. We may well look with dread and discomfiture on many of the aspects of this movement in this, its day of rapid growth and popular favor Women are as yet preferably aristocratic, exclusive and conservative. Their prevailing attitude in the work of social relief and uplift in which they are so busily engaged is that of class assumption and patronage. The mainspring of action is an intense, easily aroused and easily diverted sympathy. The motive which springs from a conviction of justice or the essential worth of human nature *per se* is one she is reluctant to accept, nor is it any answer to say that the same is true of men.

How many women suffragists believe in their good cause as a part of a general forward movement seeking the complete emancipation of the race with equal opportunity for all? Very few.

Yet woman suffrage has worth and meaning only in its relation to suffrage at large, to that growing ideal of freedom of which the ballot is one form and symbol. Unless women can rejoice and feel their cause strengthened in every gain in manhood suffrage they have not gone far in true understanding of the cause in which they are so heroically engaged.

Over and over again do we hear from the suffrage platform such arguments as these: "Is it not a shame that my coachman has the right to vote when I am deprived of that right?" Or, when the contrast is painted in still darker colors, the question runs, "Is it not a shame that my colored coachman can vote"? etc. Why should not the coachman vote, even when he is colored?

The argument for a restricted suffrage shows a poor understanding of the worth and meaning of a republic, yet there is scarcely a woman's suffrage assembly where it does not find eloquent voice and advocacy.

We are told that "all Negroes are opposed to woman suffrage,"—an astonishing statement which will not bear examination. I have worked with and among colored people for many years. In the institution with which I am connected, the Frederick Douglass Center, the subject of woman suffrage is a familiar and welcome theme. Suffrage meetings have been held in our assembly room where the subject was discussed by white and black. I have yet to hear a serious argument on the negative side from a colored speaker.

The feeling of the most thoughtful Negroes on this subject is one that does equal credit to heart and understanding. "I know what disfranchisement means," said one of these in my hearing. "I have suffered from it, my race suffers from it still. I should be ashamed to impose such a wrong on any other class." Compare this to the rallying cry, "Do not touch the Negro problem!"

It may be well in this connection to tell the story of one of Miss Anthony's very early visits to Chicago, her first I believe. She had come in the hope of securing a chance to speak her gospel word. Church after church was solicited from the white clergy and invariably refused. It so happened that the friend with whom Miss Anthony was stopping lived near the colored district and was on friendly terms with her dusky-skinned neighbors. She called on the pastor of Quinn Chapel, the oldest and largest colored church in the city, whose use was promptly granted. Thus it was from a colored pulpit and in the main to a colored audience that our Susan addressed her first argument in the City of the Lakes.

Woman suffrage had no more loyal friend than Frederick Douglass. Doubtless he injured himself in many more cautious minds by thus openly allying himself with a cause which was in those days far more unpopular than the black man's. Did anyone

say to him, "Let the woman question alone"? One can easily imagine the reply he would have made, he who said: "I know no race problem; there is a human problem." His last public act was to attend a meeting of the National Association, where Miss Anthony spoke words of gratitude and praise to him, pinning a flower in his buttonhole. He went to his home and an hour later was dead.

Lucy Stone, Lucretia Mott, Mary Livermore, Theodore Parker, Thomas Wentworth Higginson and a host of other men and women came into the woman suffrage work through the anti-slavery door. Human freedom was the great cause they served.

It is natural and right that we should choose our particular line or field of work, but when in partisan zeal for one class we are led to speak words of discouragement and opposition to another class in equal or greater need and seeking the same high ends, our power of usefulness and our understanding of the real situation are sadly impaired. Let us adopt Henry George's motto: "I am for men." Not for one kind of man, but the generic man, the black, brown, red or yellow man no less than the white, the woman and little child; every state and condition of being that needs a helping hand, for whose ultimate and common benefit all our social reforms are working. When we have learned to join hands in our common task, to help each other no less than ourselves, to recognize our common heritage and kinship, we shall find ourselves much nearer the ends we seek.

—*Celia Parker Woolley, in "The Public" of Dec.* 1, 1911.

A FEBRUARY SUNSET

Beside the frozen marsh the sedges sigh,
While keen edged winds like sabers cut their way;
A waterfowl is floating there on high,
Seeking some far-off home at close of day.

The ghostly hills are shrouded white in snow,
Brown boughs, a-shiver nakedly, are numb,
A wandering black-robed friar, limps a crow
To find on hardened clods, a stingy crumb.

Here weeds and brambles thickly interlaced,
Hang frail embroidery of hoary frost;
Here tiny tracks of hares are lightly traced;
A crying snowbird seeks the mate he lost.

A cottage rises in the fields of white,
Its smoke is curling tremulous and thin;
Its windows glow like jaspers through the night,
Rich with the warmth of blissful love within.

There like a dewdrop in a scarlet flower
A star is twinkling in the ruddy sky,
And sprinkling snow fields in a silver shower,
The new moon's horn of plenty hangs on high.

The sunset splendor makes the twilight glow
In purple and in orange clouds of fire,
As conquering Alexander long ago
Gave to the torch imperial towers of Tyre.

—*Walter Malone.*

Once in Royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a Mother laid her Baby
In a manger for His bed.
Mary was that Mother mild,
Jesus Christ that little Child.

THE PULPIT

Joseph, Master of Himself

PREACHED AT ROCHESTER, MINNESOTA, SUNDAY, NOV. 19, 1911, BY VICTOR LYNCH GREENWOOD

There seems no reason to doubt that about the middle of the 14th Century before Christ a young Semite lived in the land of Egypt and attained to a position of great authority and honor.

We love to read past events in the light of our present ideals and, therefore, to idealize our national heroes. The very beauty and completeness of the Biblical life of Joseph tells of a people's pride in their great ancestor and tells us also that the completed story has found new details as the years went on. Religion is the most deep-seated factor in the life of man. It is fitting, therefore, that a good heart should take precedence of a brilliant brain. The real heroes of a nation have ever been its God-conscious, fine-souled men.

Down below the many-bladed life of the race there is an intertwining of roots where we worship in common. We are told that Mr. Gladstone, at eighty years of age, had started to work on the problem of a common starting-point for both Hebrew and Grecian religious traditions, like clear-cut cameos, stand the great souls who live forever in the Holy of Holies of a Nation's heart. And they are worthy to dwell there, for a Nation places in its Pantheon, not its Napoleons and its Machiavellis, but its Wesleys and its Dantes.

If this be true, then this man Joseph lives in us and with us today because of some special worthiness; because of real goodness in his life.

The curtain rises and falls dramatically on this life of Joseph, very much as it rose and fell on the life of Jesus. The main events, the great crises in the life, stand out with startling clearness. How the years between are spent we can only conjecture, being sure, however, that the golden light of the fine deed at the crisis hallowed and glorified all the life's every-dayness of the intervening years.

The Drama of this life is given in four acts:

There is the Youth with his ambitious spirit.

There is the young man with the unsoiled spirit that has resisted temptation.

There is the optimistic spirit that brings light in the dungeon.

There is the spirit of Justice and Mercy that holds him loyal to his brothers when he might have had revenge.

Let us look at these four scenes for a moment.

Joseph is a young man of seventeen when we first see him, seeking his way on an unknown pathway in search of his shepherd brothers. Perhaps he missed the path now and again, for somehow the dreams of youth seemed more real than the earth and sky about him. The soul of the boy had awakened and he had not yet learned how to conceal it. The conceit of young manhood calls for forbearance rather than rebuke. This conceit is the growing pains of power. Men who have put lance in rest in the battle of life have all passed through a period of youthful conceit. A thousand pities that the dreams of many a Joseph do not gild the somber clouds of the man's middle life.

In the life of the Oriental, intuition ranks higher than reason. Indeed, with us all, the highest knowledge is intuitively discerned. That is, we take it, the soul of all speaks to the individual soul, without the aid of any book-learned logic or philosophy.

Books there were none for young Joseph to study, so with the dauntless enthusiasm of youth, he deciphered as well he might the thoughts of Jehovah as they came to consciousness in his own boyish dreams. And they were dreams of power, dreams of coming leadership, dreams of battles won, and the fond father, Jacob, heard the trumpet-call to action, ringing o'er the years from his own stormy youth, as he watched the kindling eye of this boy, who was daring to build his own destiny.

Better, you will say, had Joseph concealed his ambitions, but had he done so the power he sought would never have been his. Thus in God's own time does the awkward blundering of conceited youth find the pathway to fame and glory.

"Behold, the dreamer cometh!" said his business-like, matter-of-fact, unpoetical brothers. Shall our sheaves, indeed, bow down to his? Why should we let this boy bring discontent into our satisfied lives? Why can't we be let alone to enjoy the lower delights of life? And so, not understanding the messenger of God who stood in their midst, they let a great opportunity pass by, and the horror of it all was that they did not know it, but reckoned that twenty pieces of silver was good pay for the passing of this divine discontent. Even so, another and a greater son of man, years afterwards, was misunderstood, and rebuked the world by saying, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" And the world valued that work so little that it, too, let the opportunity pass for a handful of silver.

No doubt there were other slaves in Egypt, but they were slaves alike in body and soul. This one slave, Joseph, refused to know himself as a slave. Thirty-five hundred years before Emerson, he, Joseph, possessed Egypt. The power of its civilization drew to a focus of consciousness the adolescent power of the young man. What man could create, this awakened soul now saw for the first time, and he said, "I, too, can create. I, too, can lead. The God of my fathers has preserved me, that I may broaden the world's horizon and place the alien on as high a footing as the proud Egyptian." And to this end he bent his neck to the task. The commonest toil was a delight, for it added to his knowledge and, therefore, to his power. He worked in the great household of Potiphar, the captain of the King's guard. He began at the bottom step of the stairway, but he scrubbed it so well that he was given the one above it to scrub. And all he did he did in a Godlike way, cheered by the light that came to him from above, the light from the pinnacle of power and leadership that some day should be his.

In one of Murillo's pictures we see the interior of a convent kitchen and we fall in love with that kitchen, for it is daintier than any fairy boudoir of a queen. Its daintiness comes from the beautiful white-winged angels who are seen at work there. One dear, dimpled angel hand puts the kettle on to boil. One little cherub is laughingly putting away some dishes. That kitchen work seems the most natural and beautiful in the world, for it is all done in a noble way.

Just so did Joseph go about the most menial task. Like another Gareth, he served for more than a twelvemonth and a day among the pots and pans, until they gave back the likeness of his own nobility. Even as Ben Hur gained at the oar on the slave-ship the strength that was afterwards to give him the victory over Messala, so Joseph, in the faithful performance of these menial tasks, earned the moral power to withstand the fiercest temptation that could assail his young manhood.

The master of the future is the one who is master of his passions now. The future is to the one who gets his foot on sin now. Woe to him who sins today; he has shot the arrow of defeat into the possibilities of tomorrow. The stability and endurance of a whole nation sometimes depends upon the spiritual virility of one man, and if that one man be a Samson or a Napoleon, the nation is wrecked, but if that one man be a Joseph or a Lincoln, the nation is saved. So close is the relation between the welfare of a country and its spiritual vitality. From scrubbing the lowest stair well Joseph is now manager of the great establishment of Potiphar, the captain of the king's guard. The ambition of his youth for power is being realized. He is in favor with the leading people in the greatest nation in the world. All worldly counsel beseeches him to be politic. "To do a great right," the world says, "do a little wrong." He is deliberately throwing away his chances for preferment when he refuses the advances of the wife of his master. No man was ever more utterly alone in his fight than Joseph. From no lips in all Egypt came any word that would arm him at this crisis. He knew no Christian doctrine of the losing of life to save it. All he knew was that he would sink below the status of a slave before God and his own soul if he did this despicable thing. He knew what it meant to refuse. He knew that such refusal meant the dungeon, at the same time that he knew that compliance would give full gratification to his passions and his ambitions.

And here again the story runs parallel to that of that other and greater son of man, who years after in the same great wilderness of man-soul bade good-bye to the kingdoms of this world rather than have them at the price of his own self-respect. There have been many great spiritual victories, but none greater than in the house of Potiphar that day when the soul of man was torn between his own passionate desire, plus an assured future, and the dungeon, plus the blighting of every ambition of his youth. And Joseph stood true to the call of the higher and sent the spear-shaft of his virile manhood into the head of the dragon of the lower life.

Never can we estimate the power for good that such a victory sets free. This is the victory that overcomes the world, even our faith in the morality of the universe and the life of the spirit. The power of that goodness dims the greatest deed on field of battle or the greatest victory of man's intellect. Such right-doing sets free all the power of the sun of righteousness. Its glowing touch frees the ice-bound rivers of progress, the wintry night of doubt and fear passes, the meadows of life bloom afresh and the breeze of the spring of life blows again o'er all the world. The real progress of the world is based upon the victory of any son of man in the hour of his supreme test, even the victory of a Joseph in the house of Potiphar, captain of the king of Egypt.

And any, the commonest man, can have that victory.

Oh, the power that is ours to set free the currents of universal power in the life of the race!

The background of our third scene is a dungeon. There is always danger that, resting upon his oar, the victor's muscle shall weaken. What hope for a Hebrew slave in an Egyptian prison? What use to dream dreams any more? Middle life draws near when for nine-tenths of the world the vision of youth perishes. Yet again this man makes the wrecked ship his throne and the shipwrecked men around him feel the magnetism of his master spirit. And again, years after, another and a greater son of man had to turn from the religious metropolis, and in Galilee give his message to lowly peasant folk. Yet he, too, felt it worth while, for the true spirit message never dies.

And in that dungeon it was given Joseph to see that the power he had dreamed of in youth had, indeed, come to him. The power of the overcoming life overshadowed that prison in the person of Joseph, and even the warden of the prison left matters in his hand, for he saw that "Jehovah was with him."

Hard as are the struggles of youth, still harder struggles come with advancing age to test the strength of the armor forged in those early conflicts.

Surely Joseph had gained victories enough, when lo! at the very height of his power and fame, temptation in a new guise blocks his pathway. He has been recognized in that prison as a man of God, and when, some years afterwards, the king himself is in need of such a man, his butler tardily remembers the one who had helped him. Pharaoh has sought all the learning of Egypt, but his strange dreams remain unsolved until the man is sent for who can begin the interpretation with the words "Jehovah will give Pharaoh an answer." And finally, when Joseph is the ruler of all the vast country of Egypt, he faces once more his brothers and the last great crisis of his life. Outwardly at this time Joseph is more Egyptian than Hebrew. He has everything to gain by keeping his nation and his relatives in the background. Ridicule was then, as now, the keenest shaft to send home to a man's pride and Joseph knew the scorn of the Egyptians for the humble shepherd with his flock. A word from him, and these men could be put out of the way. And why not? The law of revenge was still highly respectable. Joseph would have been praised had he ruined those who had attempted to ruin him. And yet he is responsive to the touch of that same Jehovah who had guided him hitherto out of every dark shadow. As he looks at his younger brother, Benjamin, the baby of the family, a great homesickness sweeps over him and a great love saves him.

The people of Norway have a wonderful story, told by Ibsen, of a Norwegian sailor. Terje Vigen had settled down to enjoy his well-earned home, his wife and child. War breaks out, crops fail, the bottom of the barley barrel is reached. Terje Vigen rows over to Denmark and is returning with three precious barrels of barley when an English ship bears down upon him. He tries to get ahead and lead them over a sunken rock, but, with blood bursting from his fingers they are upon him, and the young English captain sinks the boat and the precious barley in a few feet of water. Terje, a prisoner, is lost to his wife, and returns to find her dead and his darling girl sleeping beside her. He becomes a pilot, the most skilful on the coast, and one dark night he recognizes the Englishman on the vessel he is guiding to harbor. He lets the yacht drift. He declares they are lost. He puts his enemy, with wife and child, into a row boat and rows for the sunken rock, where those precious barley casks were lost. And there he has them at his mercy and my lord remembers that day years ago when he jeered at the prayers of this rough sailor for mercy. "And now," says Terje Vigen, "the hour of recompense has struck, for you shall go through such an hour as well may balance the whole long years that bowed my neck and that bleached my hair and that ran my bliss aground." And then, as Joseph saw Benjamin, Terje Vigen saw the child, and calmness and peace came after the fearful storm. For years he had said he must, *must* be avenged. Now he was himself again, and by way of the child, he too was a child and could forgive.

And Joseph, standing before his brothers, able by the raising of a finger to be avenged for the great wrong done to him, likewise forgives. And years afterwards another and a greater Son of Man at the very moment when hate was doing its worst, said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

From such spirit of forgiveness flow streams of power to make of earth a heaven.

Book Notes

From Macmillans I am in receipt of Zona Gale's "Mothers to Men." It is just as good as anything she has written, but not a bit better. It is a capital good book for fathers and for mothers and for young folk. Its style is bright and clear; its sentiment is noble, and the play of humor all through it makes it one of the nicest books for a holiday gift that I know.

From Putnam's I get "A Weaver of Dreams," by Myrtle Reed. I think I can feel all through this book, just here and there, why she ended her life. Never mind about that, however, Myrtle Reed's books are all of them delightful. I do not believe anybody ever regretted buying any one of them. I intend to have a full set, on a shelf where I keep re-readable books. What a pity we who loved her work so well could not have extended sympathy to her in her hidden troubles.

From the same house I get "The Bacillus of Long Life," by Dr. Loudon M. Douglas. This is a manual of the preparation and souring of milk for dietary purposes, together with an historical account of the use of fermented milks and their wonderful effect in the prolonging of human existence. Of course this work is based on that of Metchnikoff. It is a wonder that so much time and patience have been spent on trying to get ready for another life, and so very little done to prolong the present life. This is what we want, to learn how to live at least twice as long as we do, and especially to prolong life after it is worth something to the world. This subject, and especially this book are worth the while. If you do not feel able to get any other single book during your holidays, get this one by Dr. Douglas. I shall undertake no review of it, only to say that it is a book of authority and true medical science.

E. P. POWELL.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

CAMPS AND SUMMER OUTINGS

The first conference on Camps and Summer Outings was held at Abraham Lincoln Centre, December 6.

Philanthropy and reform are slowly learning the value and economy of co-operation.

At least fifty organizations are experimenting in summer camps. More than $60,000 is spent thus each year, yet this is the first time there has been any attempt to get together and profit by each other's experiments and experience, to find out what has been found good and what bad, to make the established camp useful to more people, and by some sort of loose organization provide a place for information, a clearing-house for camp experiments.

We Americans are still country folks at heart, though circumstances force us more and more to live in cities. All our virtues and our faults are country bred. The environment that has developed industrious, resourceful, independent Americans is, however, a thing of the past, for today even the country is but an extended suburb of some city, so closely are we bound together by telephone and trolley.

It is foolish and useless to blame the cities, to call them carbuncles or other disagreeable names. For better or for worse, the cities are here to stay, and whether we like it or whether we don't, we must learn how to live in them healthfully and morally.

We have been laboring under the delusion that cities were just places to make money quickly and spend it joyously. Now we are finding out and are confronted by a terribly serious problem, and the cities present the hardest and perhaps final test of our American experiment in democracy.

The obstacles our ancestors had to overcome or remove seem so simple compared to ours. It seems easier to have made the deserts blossom by diverting rivers than it is to grow flowers of human kindness in the wastes of selfishness. What are the dangers of the trackless prairies in a blizzard compared to the dangers that lure and entice the young people in our brilliantly lighted city streets?

A pack of hungry timber wolves or outraged Indians seem preferable to the human wolves and savages that walk our streets, living from the profits in the bodies and souls of girls.

We all know the evils that surround our children, that develop slyness in place of resourcefulness, impudence in place of independence, snobbery in place of democracy. It is indeed high time we got together to learn from each other and by co-operation to economize time, energy and effort in all ways that attempt to develop wholesome citizenship.

From the conference it seems evident that large, organized camps are far better for the convalescent, for mothers and little children, that we have too few such camps and consequently the groups are shifted too often. There are no camps for negroes, young or old, and very few camps have any welcome or room for the boy over twelve years old. It seems to be the consensus of opinion that boys over twelve years old have as great need of camp life as any one, but that camps for such boys should be small, personally conducted camps which cost more money, that the boys should be kept constructively busy and a part of their time should be devoted to doing the necessary camp work. The self-governing plan, whether the boys are called scouts or just boys, seems to have given best results. There seems to be no lack of volunteer assistants, but there is a difficulty here as everywhere in finding the strong, gentle, just, commanding, winning personality with the executive ability and intellectual grasp that is needed to conduct any work for boys or girls.

It was a pleasure and an inspiration, as it always is, to see and meet the men and women who are devoting their lives to saving the boys and girls from the heathendom of our much vaunted city civilization.

A committee of fifteen was appointed to conserve what knowledge we gain from year to year of how best to conduct camps and what sort of camps are best for different persons, to devise ways of making the established camps more helpful and to call another meeting, more carefully thought out and planned in the early spring.

OLIVE COLE SMITH.

UNION THANKSGIVING SERVICE

Five different denominations were represented at the union holiday service that was held by the Reform "Brith Sholom" congregation at the temple, Third and Division streets, last evening. A Universalist, a Methodist, a Presbyterian and a Unitarian church were represented through their respective pastors. Many members of those congregations and others were present and heartily entered the liberal spirit of the service. Rev. James C. Carlile of the Liberty Street Presbyterian church read the lesson from scriptures, Rev. Isaac V. Lobdell of the Universalist church followed, setting forth in beautiful and effective language the different reasons why men should observe the Thanksgiving institution. He was followed by Rev. Charles A. Hodges of All Souls Unitarian, who feelingly emphasized the need of cultivatin the domestic pieties which the Thanksgiving festival fosters. Rev. George E. Mayer of Grace Methodist church dwelt upon the lofty spirit of religion breathed by the Lord's prayer and adorned his address with many appropriate poetic quotations. Rabbi Theodore F. Joseph, who read the ritual and introduced the speakers, said that the chief reason for Thanksgiving lay in the fact that the barriers of prejudice are breaking away, that men of different creeds are getting to know each other better and are working together more and more in the spirit of peace and good will at this time than at any previous age. The gospel of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God is steadily gaining ground, the prejudice and hatred that formerly divided sect from sect are gradually being dispelled by the nobler ideal of fellowship and mutual helpfulness, for in the words of the gifted Hebrew prophet, Malachi, "have we not all one Father, hath not one God created us, why then should we deal treacherously against each other, profaning the holy alliance of our fathers?"

Mrs. W. T. Lawrence, assisted by Mrs. Peck, and Messrs. Reynolds and Delakoff rendered several captivating musical selections. Mrs. Rives presided at the organ. The benediction was pronounced by Rev. Mr. Carlile.—*Troy Record.*

PARADISE

I bless Thee, Lord, because I grow
Among the trees, which in a row
To Thee both fruit and order owe.

What open force or hidden charm
Can blast my fruit, or bring me harm,
While the inclosure is Thine arm?

Inclose me still, for fear I start,
Be to me rather sharp and tart,
Than let me want Thy hand and art.

When thou dost greater judgments spare,
And with Thy knife but prune and pare,
Even fruitful trees more fruitful are.

Such sharpness shows the sweetest friend:
Such cuttings rather heal than rend:
And such beginnings touch their end.

George Herbert.

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